Experiencia sensorial, sabor di cas (Reflexion 3)
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[English below Papiamento]

Experiencia sensorial, sabor di cas (Reflexion 3)

Experiencianan sensorial ta sosode rara bes den isolacion. Nan ta manifesta na mesun momento y den diferente intensidad. Pero kiko ta activa mi sentidonan durante un apertura di exposicion di arte? Y con mi por skirbi tocante esey, sin enfoka riba e obra di arte mes? E articulo aki ta basá riba e apertura di e artista curasoleño Sharelly Emanuelson, su exposicion individual Between a Dance & Sitting in a Chair *riba 3 di oktober 2024 na CBK Zuidoost, Amsterdam.*[1] *Inspira pa un curso di skirbi cu mi a tuma den maart 2025, mi ta describi describi den e articulo aki tur cos durante e apertura, cu excepcion di e obra di arte mes. Pues aki, mi ta sintonisa cu e zonidonan, holor, espacio y e ambiente, a traves di mi wowo (of orea) selectivo:*

Epa!
Diripiente un holor di familiaridad a activa mi nanishi. Un di e hopi holornan di...cas? Sin purá, mi ta bira mi cabes humildemente na banda robes. Un grupo di hoben ta cargando teblachinan grandi yená cu snacks. Nan ta pasa entre e multitud di hendenan cu nan teblach'i snacks, sin mucho esfuerso, casi coreograficamente.

Pastechi chikito,
johnny/journey cake,
cheesebols

y hopi otro snacks cu mi no por reconoce di leu sin mi bril di bista. Prome cu m'a yega n'e lugar, mi tabata 100% sigur cu riba e menu lo tin snacknan Caribense pa saboria nostalgicamente hunto den comunidad. Mirando e teblachi mi dilanti, den un fregá'i wowo mi a bira indeciso. Cuminsa cu e johnny cake? E por baha un tiki mucho pisá como prome snack. Kisas un cheesebols? Of dos? Ki reyeno e pastechi tin?...

“Dankjewel, ” sin mucho tempo pa procesa e preguntanan aki, mi ta coy un pastechi cu un papel. Mi wowonan ta scan e espacio. Tur e mesanan halto ta rondona pa hendenan cu a bin e apertura. Y e bankinan ta decora cu lampi y flyers... Scupi ta formando den mi boca masha liher, esaki sin duda ta un señal di mi impaciencia pa morde den e pastechi pa caba. Ata! Mi ta mira un stoel di palo den un skina y tuma mi asiento. Porfin, e pastechi tin tur mi atencion. Cu a prome mordi den e pastechi, mi ta sinti un experiencia multisensorial desaroya. Ki mansa suave, pero na mes momento, firme. Cu cada gekauw, mas y mas e smaak poco zoet di e mansa ta resalta. E toke di salo ta presenta su mes: sorpresa! E reyeno di e pastechi ta di keshi.

... ...

[1] Link pa lesa e anuncia di e apertura (den Hulalandes) di Sharelly Emanuelson riba e website di CBK Zuidoost: https://www.cbkzuidoost.nl/tentoonstellingen/nu-en-verwacht/between-a-dance-and-sitting-in-a-chair/

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Desde e momento cu mi a drenta e espacio di SHEBANG na Amsterdam Zuidoost e atardi ey, e aire ya caba tabata yená cu energia Caribense den e espacio. Mi ta tende fragmentonan di combersacionnan den Papiamento,

“Awe si e solo a saca su cara!”

Mi ta mira caranan familiar, “Bon tardi! Con bay? Ata bo!”

E brasanan di mi amiga ta trece un trankilidad den mi curpa cu ta yená di nerviosidad. “Hopi dushi mes”, mi ta pensa den mi mes. Ken por a pensa cu mi lo por a sinti asina tanto na cas na un exposicion di arte leeeu ayá cas?

E portanan di e espacio di exposicion ta será ainda. E curador ta yega serca mi y ta invita mi pa drenta cu ne paden, den e espacio di exposicion. E momento aki ta ofrece mi un bista rapido di e espacio prome cu e apertura cuminsa. E bista cortico aki mester trece suficiente inspiracion pa e discurso improvisa cu ami y mi amiga, representantenan di 6 ISLANDS Zine, lo duna den algun minuut na e publico. Paden, e espacio ta scur y expansivo. Manera un laberinto. E curador ta cana band'i mi, splicando cu e artista, Sharelly Emanuelson, a scohe pa laga afo tur texto cu splicacion. Mesora mi a compronde: esaki ta locual Sharelly tabata kiermen ora nos a combersa poco siman pasá. Como artista, e tabata kier pa e publico activa nan mesun proceso di pensamento ora nan ta den e espacio. E tipo di practicanan asina ki, di interdependencia, ta locual mi ta aprecia. E bishitante di e exposicion ta trece su mesun experiencianan di bida y interpretacionnan. Na su turno, e por comparti su propio refleccionnan cu otro hende, agregando y aportando na e memoria colectivo Caribense.

Contrario na e ambiente calmo den e sala di exposicion, mi mente tabata draai full speed. Ta con nos mester refleha riba e espacio aki durante nos speech p'e apertura? Kisas, nos por conecta e informacion di awe cu nos combersacion online poco siman pasá cu Sharelly? Mi cocodeknan sodá ta recorda mi cu nan tambe ta formando parti di e experiencia di procesamento di informacion. E curador ta guia mi bek pa e espacio di publico y ta habri e portanan di e sala di exposicion. Mi adrenalina ta ser ricibi mesora cu e energia vibrante di e publico cu ta wardando pa e apertura cuminsa. Nan no tin niun idea con nervioso mi ta. Kisas esey ta e bunitesa di tur esaki. Saliendo di e sala di exposicion, mi ta laga e energia y sabor di cas Caribense carga mi den e ambiente.

Skirbí pa Ichmarah Kock
23 april 2025

Fuente:

- Link pa lesa e anuncia di e apertura (den Hulalandes) di Sharelly Emanuelson riba e website di CBK Zuidoost: https://www.cbkzuidoost.nl/tentoonstellingen/nu-en-verwacht/between-a-dance-and-sitting-in-a-chair/

[*Title translation by author: "Sensory experience, a taste of home (Reflection 3)"*]

Sensory experiences rarely happen in isolation, but they manifest all at once and in different intensities. But what activates my senses during an art exhibition opening? And how do I write about that, without focusing on the artwork itself? This piece is based on the opening of the Curaçaoan artist Sharelly Emanuelson's solo exhibition *Between a Dance & Sitting in a Chair* at CBK Zuidoost (Amsterdam) on 3 October 2024. Inspired a writing course I took in March 2025, I describe in this article everything at the opening, except for the artwork itself. Instead, I tune into the sounds, smells, space, and atmosphere, through a selective eye (or ear).

Whoosh!
My nostrils are deeply awakened by the smell of familiarity. One of the many scents of...home? Without haste, I humbly turn my head to the left. A group of youngsters carry big trays of bites. They make their way between the crowd, almost choreographically.

Small pastechi,
johnny/journey cake,
cheeseballs,

and many more bites I cannot clearly see from afar without my glasses. Before arriving at the venue, I was 100% sure there will be Caribbean snacks available to devour nostalgically in community. Looking at the tray in front of me, I am caught in a fleeting moment of indecision. Do I start with a johnny cake? It might be a bit too heavy as a first bite. Maybe a cheeseball? Or two? I wonder what filling is inside the pastechi...

"Dankjewel," with no time to process all of these questions, I grab a pastechi with a tissue.[2] *My eyes scan the hallway space. The high tables are all surrounded by people, and the benches are decorated with lamps and flyers... Saliva is forming in my mouth, a clear sign of my impatience to bite into the pastechi already. There! I spot a wooden stool in a corner and take a seat. At last, the pastechi has all my attention. With the first bite, I feel a multisensory experience unfold. What a soft yet firm crust of fried dough, releasing its sweetness with every chew. Surprise, surprise—the first hint of salt makes itself known: the pastechi's filling is cheese.*

... ...

The moment I stepped into SHEBANG's space in Amsterdam Southeast earlier that day, the air was already humming with Caribbean energy in the space. I hear fragments of conversations in Papiamento,

"Awe si e solo a saca su cara!" *(The sun has come out today!*)

I see familiar faces, "Bon tardi! Con a bay? Ata bo!" *(Good day! How Are you? There you are!*)

My friend's hug fills my nervous body with some calmness. "Hopi dushi mes," *(very lovely), I think to myself. Who would have thought that I could feel this much at home at an art exhibition far away from home-home?*

[2] *Thank you* in Dutch. Translation by author.

The doors to the exhibition space are still closed. The curator comes over and invites me to step inside with her for the first time, offering a quick glimpse of the space before the opening begins. This brief preview should spark enough inspiration for the improvised speech my friend and I, representing 6 ISLANDS Zine, will give in just a few minutes. Inside, the space is dark and expansive, like a labyrinth. Yet, it welcomes you in, never letting you feel lost. The curator walks beside me, explaining that the artist, Sharelly Emanuelson, chose to leave out all explanatory texts. It clicks immediately in my head: this is what Sharelly meant when we spoke a few weeks ago. As an artist, she wanted the audience to activate their own thought processes when being in the space. I appreciate such practices of interdependence. The viewer brings their own life experiences and interpretations. In turn, they might share their self-informed reflections with others, adding to collective memories.

In contrast to the calming atmosphere of the exhibition space, my mind was racing. How should we reflect on this space during our opening speech? Maybe we could draw connections with our online conversation with Sharelly from a few weeks ago? My sweaty armpits remind me that they, too, are part of the information-processing experience. The curator leads the way back to the hallway. She opens the door. My adrenaline rush is immediately met with vibrant energy of the waiting audience. They have no idea how nervous I am. Maybe that's the beauty of it. I walk out the exhibition space and let the Caribbean energy and taste of home carry me into the ambiente *(atmosphere).*

Written by Ichmarah Kock
23 April 2025

Source:

- *Link to Sharelly Emanuelson's solo exhibition announcement (in Dutch) on CBK Zuidoost's website: https://www.cbkzuidoost.nl/tentoonstellingen/nu-en-verwacht/between-a-dance-and-sitting-in-a-chair/*

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